

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore. — Psalm 121

FAR FROM THIS MADDING WORLD

THERE must be more and more of us in these days who feel that the best way out of the chaos of the world is for each and all of us to get our own patch straight.

If we look at the mess the world is in we may well ask if there is any way in which it can get itself out of the lunatic asylum. Mankind is in the grip of an ugly octopus, and we may feel that in this appalling conflict the forces of Good and Evil are both exhausting themselves.

It is true, but the consolation which sustains the forces of righteousness is that, while the powers of evil must weaken and perish beyond recovery, the powers of good have infinite and eternal resources to draw upon and are unconquerable. They may grow weary, but they cannot be exhausted, and in the whole history of the earth they have not been defeated in the end. The forces of righteousness have lost many battles, but have never lost a war.

The Eternals and the Infinites

That is because, though we are made of good and evil, in all but a few abnormal people the good is stronger than the bad, and the scales of the world are heavily weighted in favour of right against wrong. Something goes wrong with them for an hour, or a day, or a generation, but in the long ages it is Right that holds fast. So we may anchor our faith in the eternal things, with the infinite resources behind them. So we may be patient in these bitter days when Evil menaces the whole earth and the shadows of anguish and doom possess the lives of a suffering multitude.

AND in these long days of waiting for the scales to dip down to the eternals and the infinites we may well forget the horror and the terror of the war and think of the things that count in the life of the ordinary world. It is our human lives that make mankind, for good or ill. We help to shape our village, our town, our country, and it is only through the lives of ordinary folk that the vast power of our empire impresses itself upon the world.

There is nothing like it anywhere, and has not been; it is unique in history and geography, and it has become the greatest force for good upon the earth because ordinary men and women have made it so. They have the spirit of God in them, and they pass it on; so life abounds in riches and power, and justice and mercy spread about the world. It is not a miracle; it is the natural life of man. It is evil that is abnormal, sin that is the grit in the wheels.

Ambassador of God

We have been much moved at the CN office this week by a letter from across the earth. It is from our old friend Daisy Bates, whom we have never seen but whom we know and love as one of the Ambassadors of God. For forty years she has been living with the most pathetic race of people now alive, the last remnant of the original inhabitants of Australia. They were living there for centuries before Australia was discovered by the rest of the world, wanderers on the unknown continent, and for a generation and more the last sixty thousand of them have been roaming over the vast waterless plain which Australia has fringed round with the cities and splendours of civilisation.

THEY are dying out of the world and the next century will know them no more. They have fallen low, yet have been a clever race, with a

history steeped in mystery. They have been neglected unto death, and it is to the eternal glory of Daisy Bates that she has given half of her eighty years to these pathetic figures fading out of the garden of life. She knows them and loves them, and the simple love and faith that she has given them are worth more than all the creeds in Christendom. We feel that pure religion and undefiled was in that word she gave to one of them whose hand she held in death: *When your hand slips out of mine, my Father will be there.*

THAT is the sort of woman she is, this ambassador of the flag to the dying race of Australia's Blackfellows. She lives with them on the edge of civilisation, representing Humanity, nobody's delegate, in nobody's pay, giving them little comforts nobody else can, trusting them and trusted by them, desiring nothing but to brighten their last years on earth with a glow of friendliness

plied their trade for ages before a single shop was opened in Australia. They would barter with shells, so that even today the Darwin shell has its own name as far away as the Great Bight on the South Coast. The road had reached to within 20 miles of the Western Coast when the first white people came there in 1829. Long before Australia's great line of explorers began these Blackfellows had explored the continent. They would go to the limits of their tribe, each group bartering its own products, and pass their goods on, and it is known that it took about 25 years to complete the great oval route of the first Australian market.

WYNBRING was a well-known camping place for its water, its flints, spears, and other products. It was one of the barter centres to which these strange little processions of humanity would come far back down the corridors of time, and still they come. But on that spring midnight when Daisy Bates



1901



1941

Daisy Bates in the Long Span of Life She Has Given to a Dying Race

and hope. It is the eternal and infinite things that she is carrying to them as they pass her tent and salute her as Kabbarli.

Having steeled her heart to return to civilisation for a few years to put her papers in order and deposit them at Canberra (so that that dazzling young capital of the oldest continent should know something of its ancient forerunners) the old spell came upon her, and Daisy Bates returned to her barbaric world last spring—not to her old camp at Ooldea but 100 miles from that, at Wynbring Siding on the East-West Line. She arrived at midnight and men led her with lanterns to a little hut where she could rest, and where women gave her tea. Then she walked on a mile or so (a little frightened by the sound of a wireless), and dug herself in for the rest of her life, back in the tracks of her wandering people.

SHE is at a watering camp on the Old Trade Route which existed before Captain Cook found Australia. It stretched round the continent from Port Darwin like a great oval, taking in the heads of rivers on the way and making smaller routes along the rivers, and on this road, running for thousands of miles, the groups of Blackfellows

came home again a lonely and comfortless feeling possessed her, for there were no natives to be seen.

It must have been a melancholy homecoming, but in a few days there appeared at the tent nine young Blackfellows eager to let Kabbarli see them in their manhood. They gave into her keeping the sacred weapons she had swung over them at the ceremony years before when they took their tribal vows, but, alas! they had changed grievously, and had now no aim in life. The respect for the old men, which had been the highest thing they knew, was passing out and the old men had died or grown helpless. The young men were losing touch with the one thing that held these tribes steady for so long. If she could find the old men who remained, and bring them to her camp, thought Mrs Bates, perhaps she could regain the old native ways and bring back the old regime which was so great an influence for good among these people continually passing by.

The Young Policeman

But it would seem that contact with civilisation was not all good for them. A bitter day it must have been which Daisy Bates describes to us in

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THE NEW BATTLE OF THE CRIMEA

THE whole country was excited over the Crimea 87 years ago, and today the new Battle of the Crimea is being watched with increasing anxiety. The great Russian arsenal of Sebastopol is once more the goal of an invading army.

This peninsula of Russia, projecting 125 miles into the Black Sea, has an area of 15,000 square miles, twice the size of Wales, and is linked to the mainland by the isthmus of Perekop, which is only five or six miles wide, and a causeway over which a railway runs. On the north-east a narrow Tongue of Arabat, 70 miles long, separates a great lake from the Sea of Azov and joins the Peninsula of Kerch, which faces the Caucasus region across a narrow strait linking the Sea of Azov with the Black Sea.

While the greater part of the Crimea is a continuation of the Russian steppe country, exposed in winter to cold winds and snowstorms, the south is crossed by the Vaila Range, reaching 5450 feet in Mount Tent and protecting the southern coasts along which have been built health resorts, surrounded by vineyards, pomegranates, and fig trees.

Originally inhabited by the Cimmerians, from whom comes the phrase Cimmerian darkness, the Crimea was seized by the Scythians, and then in 1475 by the Turks, who held it till the Tartar ruler ceded it to Russia



in 1787, Russia wanting it as a coastline on the Black Sea. The majority of the inhabitants of the Crimea are still Tartars.

The Empress Catherine the Second founded the city of Sebastopol, and the Tsar Nicholas strongly fortified its magnificent harbour; so when the British and French went to the aid of Turkey in her war against that ambitious ruler, their chief campaign was directed against Sebastopol. The Allies landed 30 miles north of it in September 1854, and within six weeks had fought and won the famous victories of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann.

The Russian winter then set in, a hurricane overturning all the tents in which the allied armies slept and wrecking the

transports with their winter clothing. There was a breakdown, too, in the provisioning, and cholera broke out, with the result that for every 12 who died in battle, 88 died from disease. The scenes were terrible and there was no proper nursing in military hospitals, where soldiers died like flies. It was then that Florence Nightingale went out and made herself famous by defying the military authorities and insisting on humane conditions for the wounded.

A Blazing Ruin

During 1855 the siege of Sebastopol went on, the Russians strengthening its forts and heroically defending them. When, in September, the Allies forced their way in, it was a blazing ruin that met their eyes, the Russians having set fire to the city and sunk their fleet in the harbour, before retiring across a bridge of boats. The British completed the destruction of the forts and the Crimean War was over, the Russians having buried 250,000 of the defenders in the course of the siege.

Sebastopol was rebuilt and refortified to become once again the base of the Russian Black Sea Fleet, but with only 80,000 inhabitants it is not one of Russia's big cities. As fleets are reckoned today, the Black Sea Fleet is small, yet adequate to protect Russian interests while the Dardanelles remain closed to foreign navies by the Turks. It is doubtful, however, whether it can use its base with the terrific striking power of the German bombers stationed in the Crimea itself, though there is little doubt that the fortress will make as gallant a resistance as of old, and if need be will be left but a smoking ruin for the Huns.

The town of Kerch, at the opposite end of the peninsula, will be gallantly defended, if only to delay the transport of Nazi armies across the strait to the Caucasus.

It was during the Crimean War that the Russian Tsar is said to have declared that General Januarius and General Febrúary were the chief defenders of his country. They delayed the fall of Sebastopol for many months; perhaps they may prove as effective now.

A BURNING QUESTION

A good story is told of the Mayor of New York, who has been elected for a third time.

During a recent winter, when the weather was exceptionally cold, the city began to run short of coal owing to a strike. The position became serious, but Mayor La Guardia solved the problem in record time. He invited representatives of the trade to meet him in the City Hall. They did so, only to find that the hall was unheated. When all were in, the doors were locked, and it was not long before the strike was over.

Little News Reels

MANCHESTER shops are offering customers savings stamps instead of the usual small change, the idea being limited to sixpence.

A Sussex man, who has lost his legs and is 66, has dug up a plot of land described as a wilderness of weeds, transforming it into a flourishing allotment with potatoes, marrows, carrots, and beans under cultivation, in four months.



Children of Christ Church School at Harpurhey, Manchester, have been enrolled in a brigade called Victory Diggers, to go round to allotment holders and help in any way they can.

THE Southern Railway's gold medal has been presented to Mr Langford, station-master at Ilythe and Saltwood, after 50 years of service.

The Post Office now employs over 100,000 women.

We are reminded by the Post Office that an airgraph letter takes only 11 days in actual transit to troops in the Middle East; they would like the public to use this service more.

A PACKET of hollyhock seeds from the Garden of Gethsemane can be had for sixpence and postage from Miss Searle, 10 Ash Grove, Guildford, the money going to the fine work of the East End Mission.

A cat has been rescued alive from the ruins of a bombed house at South Shields after 25 days.

A portable metal airfield for fighter planes has been designed by U.S. Army engineers.

FIFTY thousand free teas have been served to sick and wounded Servicemen by the St Anselm canteen at Dartford.

As many as 15 Army pigeons have been stupidly shot in one recent week in North Wales; they were all carrying messages.

Scout and Guide News Reel

NORWICH Scouts have collected more than 630 tons of waste paper over a period of two years.

Flight-Sergeant Geoffrey Everitt, the first Englishman to receive a Polish award for gallantry, is a member of the 12th Westminster Scouts; he received the Polish Silver Cross of Merit, 1st Class, for rescuing a Polish airman from a burning bomber.

Scouts of the 1st Coulsdon Troop have raised for a Spitfire Fund over £31, proceeds of a Whist Drive and Jumble Sale.

TORONTO'S A.R.P. has called for 2602 Scouts to work as cycle and foot messengers at Wardens' Posts.

More than a hundred Morrison indoor shelters have been erected by Eltham Scouts for people unable to erect their own.

FROM the sale of scrap iron the Guides of Montserrat in the British West Indies have raised £500, which has been sent to London for war relief.

At their own wish a Guide Company has been formed for Jewish girls from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Poland who are refugees in Mauritius.

Six Guides of the Rose Patrol at Carmunnock, Glasgow, arranged a fête raising £18 for war charities.

LAMP OF GOD IN A LONG DARK NIGHT

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her letter, when for the first time in forty years a young policeman appeared at her tent and declared that all these people were thieves and destroyers of fences and stealers of sheep, and that they must go. The young policeman could not know that his rough words were cutting deep into the bravest and kindest heart in that barbaric world.

This noble woman, the solitary spectator of this dying race for more than a generation, has been the best, last friend on earth of all these people, the first human owners of Australia. Her long years of sacrifice and devotion, and her high example, have brought them hope and comfort and kept them loyal to their old traditions and to their self-respect. She taught the old to be faithful to their tribal laws, and the young to look up to the old.

The Anchor

And then for a few years she left them, to write the book which has thrilled all who read it, and to prepare her records for the archives at Canberra, and to rest awhile on the banks of the River Murray. She returns to find that evil has worked its way into the groups and that no more do the old men control the tribes or the young respect the old. They have lost the anchor that steadied them and kept them true to the ancient law, and to the young policeman these wandering tribes, original owners of the title deeds of all Australia, are thieves and vagabonds.

So it is that we are deeply moved by the letter which comes to us from Mrs Bates. Sitting at her tent alone, she tells us of her memories. By day she has for company the little birds that settle down on her breakwind, but "night brings you all before me," she writes, "you who seem so near that I can almost hear the words you say. I am never lonely with such pictures passing across my vision in the night, and with my own inner voice speaking to you all in England, living and dead. All are with me in the long hours of our winter nights, and through my tent door I can look out and see my old friend Vega in Lyra still twinkling at me, and his two drowned sons above him."

The Sad Homecoming

Her mind runs back to one of the days she spent in city streets, when she came upon the descendants of her old playmates—"a lovely little jump into my own childhood;" but it is to her natives that she gives her heart as she journeys to her 82nd milestone. "The city life tired me body and soul—the young faces with the grown-up knowledge; and I reacted badly to that, with the mental grief of a young-and-old world seeming without God." With this sorrow in her heart she returned to her people, to find them losing all that was best in their old ways. Many had died, and thirty names had been blotted out among her old group.

A sad homecoming, we may think, for this valiant Kabbarli,

yet she writes with the strength of youth and an unquenchable devotion to these poor folk she calls her children.

She has made her will, she says, though she has neither money nor estate; but John Murray has her book in London, and the Bank has her manuscript in its vaults, and if there should be any profits they are to be used so that as long as there are any descendants of these poor folk in these wide lands they may call at any store and "ask for a little food or bacca from Kabbarli."

So in the years to come the love of Kabbarli will be kept alive in these wandering tribes. It is the touch of England that she has given to them and that they will carry with them, perhaps not knowing it, until the end. All her life this love of England has been the moving spirit between Daisy Bates and her people. She has felt that we owe some consolation to this dying race whose country we have made into a mighty nation, and she, too, in all her long years far from the madding crowd, has never forgotten the glory of the Island from which the Empire of Freedom has sprung.

Our Little Patch of Life

The sight of an English violet, sent to her tent from a wood in Kent where bombs were falling, was like new life to her. "It is like the spirit of England," she says, "to think of the dug-out and the bombs and to open the little cardboard parcel and see the violets and the primroses, fixed so that they reached me as if only gathered yesterday; why, it is England, and once again I thank God that our brave English people walk the earth spreading the aura of their spirit wherever they go. God bless you all. My love to you and my fervent prayers for our beloved Empire."

The best way for the world, we said, is for each of us to get his own patch straight. It is the way Daisy Bates has chosen. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" she carries on, facing and solving one of the innumerable problems of the Flag.

THE King has sent her a C.B.E., and nobly has she earned it; but the best of all rewards is the joy of her heart as she looks back on her lonely generation, her solitary forty years, watching the passing of this pathetic race out of the life of the world. She has done what she could; she has been like a Lamp of God to these poor people in their long dark night. Arthur Mee

Our portraits of Mrs Bates are from John Murray's edition of her "Passing of the Aborigines."

Plymouth's Churches

Lady Astor, in appealing to America for help in rebuilding wrecked churches in Plymouth, gave a list of 13 Anglican, 13 Roman Catholic, 16 Methodist, 5 Congregational, 3 Baptist, and one Presbyterian church as being destroyed or damaged. Lady Astor wrote, "The social life of Plymouth centred round its churches; it is still a church-going population."

The Blind Sheriff

The new Sheriff of Hull is a blind man, Mr Godfrey Robinson, who is able to run a business, attend to civic affairs, and live an eminently useful life. Mr Robinson was blinded in the last war.

THINGS SEEN

A swan walking placidly down the white line of the busy main road at Five Oaks in Sussex.

A white seal on the beach at Dover.

A London bus held up while the driver removed two kittens taking refuge beneath it.

The Suspension Bridge Over the Wye



ALL who have seen the matchless beauty of the River Wye must envy the boys of Felsted School who had to leave their famous home in Essex and now live in the Herefordshire village of Goodrich, not far from Monmouth.

They settled down in their new surroundings as only schoolboys can, but one thing they did not like. Two of the schoolhouses are on opposite banks of the river, and, as there was no bridge, to get from these houses meant a walk of three miles. A walk can be great fun, but a long walk to school can never be anything but a bore, for any boy has many better ways of expending his energy.

So here was a problem, and the Scouts of Felsted School

decided to solve it. It was not hard to think of a solution, but difficult to accomplish, and who but Boy Scouts would have attempted it?

They built a bridge! The school has now a suspension bridge of its own, 167 feet long, carried on 20-foot pylons. It cost £30, but never was there better value for such a small sum. Instead of taking a long and tedious walk the boys make their journey in a few minutes, and if they do have to watch their step on the bridge—well, that is all part of the day's fun.

Praise the bridge which carries you over, says an old proverb; praise those who built the bridge which carries you over, say we, and praise especially the Boy Scouts of Felsted.

WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?

A veteran carpenter we know is impatient with modern educational methods. How can we expect to be a great nation, he asks, when children are not taught the names of such all-important things as the tools and materials of carpentry? It is his melancholy conviction that very few children today could give the correct names of three simple things:

The hinges of a casement window;

The cross-section of the screw in which we insert the screwdriver;

The receptacle into which we shoot a bolt.

His answers are: Butts; Driving-Slot; and Thimble.

What a good knowledge test he could devise on those lines, and how utterly he might baffle the wisest of us!

A WORTHY FUND

A letter accompanying a gift to the R A F Benevolent Fund said:

"As my spendable income is now some £145 a year in excess of the pre-war figure, and as I do not wish to benefit by the amount during the war, I have pleasure in giving it to the most worthy cause."

Another gift to the Fund just handed over by Mr Winant, the American Ambassador, was a cheque for £635 collected by the masters and students of his old school, St Paul's, Concord, in New Hampshire.

A Wartime Death-Roll That Need Not Have Been

SINCE the war began 18,000 people have been killed on our roads and 2000 of these were children. The number seriously injured is also very high.

Faced with these facts in the House of Lords, our Minister of War Transport said that this "terrible toll" could not be stopped by direct Government

action; the essential thing to do was to "rouse the public conscience."

We venture to suggest that the public conscience is active enough, and that the public mind is indignant enough to back the Government in making rules of safety. Lord Cecil terms the matter a "long-standing

THE MAIL FROM HOME

Not long ago we told how a mail truck drove up to the front line of battle at Tobruk and distributed letters to the Australian soldiers. Now more news of the brave postal service comes from the garrison there.

A ship carrying mail was sunk in the harbour by enemy aircraft, a terrible blow to the defenders, who were furious at the thought of their letters from home lying at the bottom of the sea. The A I F postal unit, however, saved the day. They rowed out to the wreck and, though machine-gunned, *dived into the hold and retrieved as many mail bags as they could find.* Then they dried and distributed the letters.

Not long after that some Australians carried out a surprise attack and captured an enemy unit at the moment when their mail was being distributed to them. The prisoners gaped with astonishment when the Australians, after disarming the enemy and placing them under guard, allowed the postal orderly to go on giving out the mail.

A LITTLE BIRD OF WEST HAVEN

We fancy a little bird in West Haven, Connecticut, is telling its friends, as the C N so often does, what a kind world this is.

When workmen were spraying a road with oil the bird happened to fly through the spray and, its feathers covered with the sticky stuff, it flopped helplessly to the ground. One of the workmen saw its plight and chased it across lawns, shrubberies, and backyards until he caught it. The frightened creature kept still while he wiped off the oil and then washed it with petrol taken from his lorry. Then he dried the feathers, set the little bird on his finger, and told it to fly away. With a chirp of delight it did so.

SONS OF CANADA

The war is a long way from Canada, yet we all know what a great part the Dominion is taking in the Fight for Freedom.

The C N has just heard of a few splendid records among tiny communities. Tobermory in Western Ontario, which has only 60 houses, has given 65 men to the fighting services. Sutton, also in Ontario, has only 800 population, yet 80 men have joined up, while the little town of Greenfield Park, near Montreal, has nearly 270 men serving out of a population of 1801.

The men of Canada's sparsely populated Far North have answered the call magnificently, 3500 of these hardy sons of the Dominion being under arms.

SLOGAN

A slogan competition was recently held in two English village schools. There were 1000 entries, and the first prize for senior children went to a boy for this entry: *When Hitler knows you're digging harder, He thinks of England's growing larder.*

What Are the Wild Waves Doing?

AN answer to the question of what the waves do when they break on the shore is being sought in California. At the University two huge water-tanks have been laid down, one long and narrow, 60 feet by a foot wide, the other broader, 58 feet by 38. In these there are mechanical wave machines to keep the water moving, and steel plates to produce breakers, as the waves roll up on to an imitation beach of real sand.

From these experiments several interesting things have been found. One is that the wave

motion produces a slow march of the volume of water in the direction of the land. Another is that if a small artificial valley is made in the floor of the tank it influences the action of the waves against the shore. The breakers are weakened, and expend part of their force against the sides of the tank, and at the same time a rip tide, with a reverse flow, is set up in the middle of the valley.

Many new facts are being learnt from these experiments about the currents and the breakers off shore.

SILENCE DOES NOT MEAN APPROVAL

Every day the Belgian people think of new ways of showing resistance to the invader.

It is now the fashion for Belgian women to carry books with showy book-marks on which mottoes such as these are boldly printed:

The Day Will Come.

He Who Laughs Last Laughs Longest.

Waiting Does Not Mean Renunciation.

Silence Does Not Mean Approval.

NEW ROMNEY STICKS TO ITS GUNS

New Romney Town Council have decided not to sacrifice two 17th century guns standing outside the town hall, in spite of the appeal for scrap metal. The mayor stated that the guns had considerable historic interest and that the amount of metal in them is comparatively small.

TALK AND SPIN

A talking magpie and 20,000 silkworms were among the gifts received by the Red Cross in Sydney not long ago. Peter Puck supposes that these gifts will talk and spin for victory.

THE COLOUR OF WINTER WHEAT

The Journal of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce tells us that the fashion colours for 1942 owe their inspiration to the English village; so we get such names as Wheat Ear, Woodpecker Green, Maypole Red, and so on.

As we write this, we look out on a field of winter wheat which, although sown late owing to ploughing delays, is already thrusting up its shoots of spring green, so that the field looks like a lovely lawn.

So let us suggest brave Winter Wheat for yet another fashionable colour. May there be plenty of it!

The Babe in the Wood

HERE I am, cried Pammy Hollingworth the other day to a lumberjack who ran towards her as if she were a little ghost.

He was one of 500 soldiers and woodsmen looking for the five-year-old child in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Pammy had been picnicking with her father and mother when she strayed away and lost herself.

Day after day people of all denominations in New England prayed for the little girl's safety, while search parties beat a ten-

mile area of the dense wilderness which teems with moose and deer. It was raining and bitterly cold. Then, on the eighth day, the tiny tot was found trudging along two miles from where the picnic had been. After eight days and nights without food and shelter Pammy was amazingly well and clear-headed and told her rescuers how at night she had made herself a bed of leaves, pulled her overalls over her head, and smuggled under a log. She had drunk from streams.

A DOG AND ITS BLIND MASTER

A blind man at Coalinga in California was very bewildered the other day when his dog refused to let him go into the garage, blocking the entrance and barking furiously.

Mr McHenry poked his cane into the garage and was horrified to feel the sudden impact of something against it, and to hear the whirring of a rattlesnake. Jumping back, he slammed the door and called for help, and a neighbour came running with a gun and shot two big rattlesnakes coiled up inside.

The dog, alert to the danger, had saved his master's life.

WE LIVE LONGER AND ARE STRONGER

Every now and then the Life Assurance Companies assure us that we are living longer. To this the scientific men add that we are growing stronger. They promise us, through Drs Murray Steele and Henry Simmons of the New York Welfare School, that by judicious treatment man who is said to be as old as his arteries will find them keeping young and elastic.

The year 1980, which many C N readers will certainly live to see, is the year of promise. The man or woman 55 years old then will be as strong and energetic as those who are 45 today. "Forty years on" is a long time to look forward, but it will not be too long for the work of reconstruction which all the civilised world will have to undertake when those who are destroying peace and civilisation today have met their certain reckoning.

November 22, 1941

The Children

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



1918 and After

WE must all hope that the work now being done for Reconstruction after the war will have a better fate than Mr Lloyd George's Reconstruction Scheme in the last war.

Never were trumpets blown so loud; never did so little come from the great noise. At one time 87 committees were sitting, but who remembers anything that came from it all?

Shame as a Punishment

WE read that, in the belief that publicity can stamp out juvenile crime, Leicestershire Standing Joint Committee is to ask the Home Office to alter the law which forbids the publication of the names of juvenile offenders. We earnestly hope the Home Secretary will leave the law as it stands.

It is essential to protect the young from the shame of public prosecution, and the ban on the publication of the names of boys and girls brought before Children's Courts was intended to shield them from the punishment of publicity which is generally likely to shame them for life and thus add them to the ranks of hardened criminals.

Social punishment should never exceed social crime, especially in the case of children.

Who Likes Mr Churchill?

WE think many people would have been amused to see a poll conducted on American lines in this country to find out if we approve of the Prime Minister.

It can hardly have been worth the money or the labour to assure us that most of us are entirely satisfied with Mr Churchill.

OUR DOGS

OUR dog population has declined through the war but still remains at a very high level. The number of dog licences has fallen from 2,861,025 in 1940 to 2,625,686 in 1941, so that about one family in four still keeps a dog.

RATION SMOKE

WE learn with amazement that such enormous imports of tobacco are arriving that, for the full year, the imports may reach the incredible figure of 40 million pounds more than normal.

Is it not high time tobacco was rationed? Nowadays it is becoming impossible to escape its stale fumes, and the marks it leaves on our clothes and on public and private furniture.

We hear, moreover, that even farm labourers, with more money in their pockets, are now smoking at their work, a sight rarely seen before, and surely a waste of money that could be saved.

Two Excellent Things

IT was to be expected that the young and the old would suffer through war conditions, and while our worst fears have not been realised it is only too clear that child life is seriously affected.

But two excellent things are to be noted. First, children are not so seriously affected psychologically as was feared; they are as brave as their parents when given a brave lead. The other good thing is that epidemics have not broken out among evacuated children, owing to the health-giving qualities of rural life.

The Speed That Kills

IT is highly satisfactory to know that the conscience of the Government is being stirred by the great tragedy of the Roads, and good to know that Safety Rules are to be taught to the children in schools.

But would it not be more effective to teach them to the drivers at the wheel?

We ourselves constantly see military cars dashing through our village at a furious rate, caring nothing for the winding bottle-neck.

There is one main cause of all the road deaths, and it is Speed.

JUST AN IDEA

The only way to be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR TIME?

A dull world this if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare.

ONE of the problems we must face after the war will be the proper use of leisure. Not only will the present break-neck speed be slowed down, but it may be that, in the reconstruction which will come with Peace, we shall find more time for recreation and relaxation.

In the past few years there have been many disturbing stories of the misuse of spare time. Too often men and women with time on their hands got into the habit of buying amusement. They thronged football matches, race-tracks, cinemas, and sea-fronts, doing little but watch paid performers.

Leisure, like money, is a dangerous gift to those who do not know how to use it. Possibly after the war there will be so little spare money left that it will be impossible to buy our amusements, and we may be forced to play our own games, instead of idly watching paid experts. We may have to build up our own village theatres. Perhaps we shall recapture an interest in reading and take advantage of the County Libraries.

We may even learn how to relax, and perhaps we shall no longer laugh at the old farm labourer who, when his day's work is done, leans on the fence and looks over the fields in which he has been working.

God Bless All Tired Folk Tonight

GOD bless all tired folk tonight And give them dreamless sleep;

God bless all lonely, anxious folk Who in the darkness weep.

God bless all little children though They harass us by day;

And old folk, too, and careless folk Who never kneel to pray.

God bless all those who try and fail, And all who suffer pain;

God bless all those away from home, And bring them back again.

God bless all honest, patient folk In cottage and in hall;

And as we need His love and care, God bless us one and all.

H. L. G.

THE GREAT LOSS

By The Pilgrim

TWO friends met the other day. Said one: "Oh, dear, such a thing has happened! I don't know how to tell you!"

Said the other anxiously: "Please do tell me. I hope it is nothing dreadful."

"But it is something dreadful," was the reply. "Something which can never be put right, and something I wouldn't have had happen for anything. My wedding ring! I've lost it!"

The other woman smiled in an odd way. "Yes," she said quietly, "I suppose it really is a great loss. I am thankful I have my wedding ring. But you must remember, dear, that I have lost my home, my husband, and both our children. The war has robbed me of everything I hold dear except my memories."



Art Class in a Church

To give young people an occupation for the long hours of Blackout an Art Club has been formed at St Luke's Church, Eltham. The evening meetings are in the parish hall, but here some of the artists have taken the font in the church as a subject for a Saturday afternoon session.

Believe It or Not, This is True

This is one of the stories of this war which seems almost too fantastic to be true, but it actually happened.

THREE airmen in a naval aircraft were patrolling the Atlantic in search of an enemy raider when the weather turned misty and they could not find their way back to their aircraft carrier.

They flew round in circles, their petrol supply getting lower and lower until they only had enough to fly five more minutes. They were in mid-Atlantic. The nearest land was Greenland, but it was blocked by ice. Their hearts sank with the plane as it flew lower and lower.

Then they had the surprise of their lives. Below them floated an empty lifeboat.

The pilot landed his machine as near to it as possible, and then the three men dived into icy waters, swam to the bright yellow boat, and clambered aboard. It was almost as if the

boat had been expecting them, for there was in it a good supply of food and water, besides blankets and cigarettes.

The pilot was the only one who knew anything about sailing. The mast, sail, and compass were all in good working order, so he set the course for Scotland, and off the thankful men went. For 12 hours they battled against a gale and made no headway, but the next day the going was better.

On the fifth day another amazing thing happened. They came upon a lifeboat filled with shipwrecked Norwegian sailors and were able to give them some of their supplies. Then they parted company as the Norwegians wanted to try a different course.

The three airmen were rescued on the ninth day after sailing 200 miles. They found out later that the lifeboat which had appeared in the nick of time to save them belonged to a torpedoed ship.

Under the Editor's Table

LEWISHAM traffic police are going to keep pigs. They are used to road hogs.

FIRST-CLASS carriages are to stay on many lines. Something will run into them.

THE critic who said that a famous picture looked too cold thought it should be given a coat of varnish.

DON'T blame the grocer for fat bacon, says a newspaper. Blame the pig.

THE onion still makes a news item. Or a supper dish.

THERE is fashion in foods. That must be why we have fashion-plates.

EARLY customers sometimes obtain all the lean bacon. They get rasher and rasher.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



How to dip into a dry book

CHILDREN learn to grow up by themselves. But they learn how much they have grown by something else.

SPECTACLES are scarce. But we can see through the Nazis.

CHILDREN are usually ready to fall in with a suggestion. Sometimes without, if it is a fish-pond.

The Enthralling Story of the Island and the Empire

EVERYBODY'S BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS

WHAT Arthur Mee considers to be his best book appears next week after a long wait at the binders.

It is Arthur Mee's Book of the Flag, published by Hodder and Stoughton at 12s 6d. The supply is limited by the shortage of paper, but we hope there will be enough for all C N readers who would like to read this enthralling story of the Island and the Empire. With it are hundreds of portraits of men of the Flag and scenes in the great Dominions. It may be described with confidence as a matchless volume for boys and girls this Christmas. It tells them quickly all that Arthur Mee has been saying about the Flag for fifty years, and there is no tale like it for courage and adventure and surprise.

Would you like to know who gave this great Empire to this little Island, how we got it, what we have done with it, its peoples, its explorers, its riches, its adventures, its triumphs, and its tragedies?

Our men have gone out into a thousand places, carrying the Flag. They went to Australia and New Zealand, explored them at the cost of their lives and of infinite suffering, planted cities in the wilderness, and set a hundred million sheep on boundless grazing lands.

They went to Canada, opened up the unknown spaces, threw a steel band of civilisation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and made a Dominion with a future beyond all dreams.

They went to Africa and conquered barbarism, raised the level of life for millions of backward people, and carried civilisation from the Cape to the Pyramids.

They went to India and brought that mighty congregation of nations, peoples, and languages into the shelter of the Flag.

They went to lonely islands unvisited by white men before them. They penetrated into deep forests and jungles. They crossed rivers infested with

crocodiles. They civilised savage kings, overthrew witch doctors, destroyed pestilence and plague, hurled despots from their thrones, and turned barbarous populations into decent citizens.

It is not true that ours is a bloodstained empire. It is the greatest triumph of peace since the world began. Germany has made more war on her neighbours in our own time than the British Empire has made in all its history.

There is no story to equal the drama of this little Island and its boundless Dominions, a quarter of the earth with a quarter of its people. Here is the wonder of it all, hundreds of portraits and pictures and poems and the matchless tale for ever unfolding of the islands, kingdoms, and dominions of the Flag, wherever they may be.

What is it that our Flag has done for the world?

It has swept the pirates off the seas.

It has set the slaves free.

It has given peace to one quarter of mankind.

It has brought Egypt out of bondage.

It has made Australia a great nation.

It is making India united and free.

It is making South Africa happy and contented.

It has swept barbarism from its ancient strongholds.

It flies over America with the Stars and Stripes.

Here, ready for Christmas, is what every boy and girl should know and think about the work of our country in the world.

The book insists on the vital fact that the Empire has in the main been built up in peaceful ways for peaceful ends. Never was so great a power established in the world with so little show of force and so small a cost in war. The Flag has covered a quarter of the earth with happiness and prosperity and life without fear, and it will go on through the centuries giving freedom and opportunity to its hundreds of millions of people long after Hitler and his gangsters are an ugly memory.

THE CAHOW OF BERMUDA

THE people of Bermuda have been flocking to pay their respects to the sole living descendant of the original inhabitants of the island.

It is a cahow, and the other day it flew out of a hidden nook, crashed against a telephone wire, and was taken to the aquarium.

It is nearly a hundred years since one of these birds was found on the island. About the size of a pigeon, the cahow is a very plain black and white bird. The young are thickly clothed with long down and are extremely fat. They are delicious to eat, which accounts for their disappearance.

The original Spanish settlers found these birds amazingly abundant, millions of them crowding every corner of the island, but the hogs the Spaniards brought with them drove many of the cahows away.

In 1614, the story goes, the settlers were greatly reduced by famine and fever, and the English Governor sent 150 of the "most weak and sick" to Cooper's Isle, where they slaughtered the cahows wholesale. The next Governor, in 1616, apparently had to issue "a Proclamation against the spoils of Cahowes," but it came too late.

THE QUACKS OF OTHER DAYS

WE may smile at our star quacks, but there were quacks in other days, and we take this from an old book of 1634, when Timothy Hoyden, the yeoman's son, desired to be made a gentleman and consulted the local humbug, who promised to take the speediest course with him. Hoyden is alarmed to hear that he must lose his blood.

Yes, you must bleed; your father's blood must out. He was but a yeoman, was he?

As rank a clown as any in Somersetshire.

His foul rank blood of bacon and pease-porridge must out of you to the last dram. Fear nothing, sir. Your blood shall be taken out by degrees, and your veins replenished by pure blood still, as you lose the puddle.

I was bewitched, I think, before I was begot, yet my mother said she was a gentlewoman.

Said! What will not women say!

Be content, sir; here's half a labour saved; you shall bleed but of one side. The mother vein shall not be pricked.

SPLENDOUR ETERNAL

BIND her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea;
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn,
Spirit supernal, splendour eternal,
England!

Helen Gray Cone (U S A)

The Happy Days She Missed

How I should wish to be able to let you share my experiences! How I should like to let you see how tedious are the lives of great folk, how difficult it is for them to fill in their time! Can you not see that I am dying of melancholy in such a high station as I could never have imagined?

I have been young and beautiful; I have enjoyed the pleasures of youth; I have been loved and admired. I passed many years among the greatest wits of the age; and it was the fashion to know me. I can assure you, dearest daughter, that I greatly miss all those happy days.

Madame de Maintenon, Queen of France, to her daughter

What is it That We Need?

MID autumn tints and leaves now sear,
By running brooks and mead,
I wander on just anywhere,
And wonder what we need.

What is it that the old world needs?

What is it brings us peace?
Will banish all that hatred breeds
And make all wars to cease?

What is it that we must hold fast
When others wish us ill?
What is it that alone can last?
Why, surely just Goodwill.

Canon W. T. Money

THE MAIN OBJECT

It saves a lot of trouble, said the German Goethe, if you recognise that the main object of people, in all countries, is to feed themselves and bring up their children.

What Are Men Without Faith?

STRIKE from mankind the principle of faith and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

Bulwer-Lytton



CARRY ON

I Shall Not Pass This Way Again

I SHALL not pass this way again—

Although it bordered be with flowers,
Although I rest in fragrant bowers,

And hear the singing
Of song-birds winging
To highest heaven their glad some flight;

Though moons are full and stars are bright,
And winds and waves are softly sighing,

While leafy trees make low replying;
Though voices clear in joyous strain

Repeat a jubilant refrain;
Though rising suns their radiance throw

On summer's green and winter's snow,
In such rare splendour that my heart

Would ache from scenes like these to part;
Though beauties heighten,
And life-lights brighten,
And joys proceed from every pain—

I shall not pass this way again.
Then let me pluck the flowers that blow,
And let me listen as I go
To music rare
That fills the air;
And let hereafter
Songs and laughter
Fill every pause along the way;
And to my spirit let me say:

"O soul, be happy; soon tis trod,
The path made thus for thee by God.
Be happy, thou, and bless His name
By whom such marvellous beauty came."

Time's Finishing Touch

FOR me it is painful to see the destruction of the humblest stone of an ancient building.

However poor and unskilled the mason who hewed it, that stone was fashioned by the most powerful of all sculptors, Time. He has neither chisel nor mallet; his tools are rain, moonlight, the north wind; but he puts a wondrous finishing touch to the work of the artisan. What he adds cannot be defined, and is of untold worth. Anatole France

TO BEGIN WITH

THOU and I, my friend, can, in the most flunkey world, make, each of us, one non-flunkey, one hero, if we like; that will be two heroes to begin with.

Thomas Carlyle

Beauty and Duty

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty:

I woke, and found that life was Duty. Ellen Hooper



THIS ENGLAND The carrier goes on his rounds in the Berkshire village of Blewbury

THE STRAGGLER

A Complete Story
by Gunby Hadath

YOUNG DENNY had never clapped eyes on any scene more lovely than this Vale of Marrow as it began to open out from the top of the hill. Talk about smiling valleys, as the poets called them! This one was not only smiling, but laughing with joy in every one of its meadows and copses and streams, for the gorgeous sunshine had returned at last after the rains. Denny drew in his breath as he rested.

It was all jolly well, he thought, for his pals to christen him the Straggler, from his absent-minded habit of losing his way whenever he went on a new, long walk by himself. But this morning he couldn't lose his way very well because one could see the whole valley stretched out below. He had only to pass through Gold Lane—what a name for a village!—as far as the church, then branch off along a footpath and follow the river, and he couldn't help finding the mound on which, in the old days, Castle Weeping used to stand.

He rose to his feet and stepped out.

There wasn't very much of the castle left now; just some ruins of its outer walls, he'd been told. But wasn't it good, he was musing as he went on, to try to picture it in the times long ago when it held the pass against the marauders whose bands would steal over the border to ravage the valley!

Lost!

He wondered how long it had lasted, that remote stronghold. He must look it up in the guide book when he got back. And he wondered who had eventually stormed and destroyed it. And how many sieges it had withstood in its time.

Then suddenly Denny came to himself with a start. Here he was again, so lost in his thoughts that he'd wandered on without looking where he was going. Oh, but surely he could not have actually missed the way? No, the farm buildings at this corner must belong to the village; yes, and there stood the church and the rectory under its wing; and that must be the footpath, beyond those trees, with its antiquated stile formed by two slabs of stone. So over them and on. But where was the river? It was hidden by this woody bit, very likely.

So forward pressed the Straggler, a trifle uncertain, to the end of the path, when he did glimpse the river at last. But it ought not to be as far off as that, he considered; and was thus debating when there stepped forth a man from the trees, a wizened, nimble man with an empty sack over his shoulder.

"Good-morning!" said Denny. "Am I right, please, for Castle Weeping?"

The man stared hard. "For Castle Weeping!" he echoed. "You'll mean the ruins?" His voice emerged with a wheeze. "Nay, nay, my lad! You're going in the wrong direction."

"The wrong direction!"

"Aye! Come along here and I'll show you."

He beckoned Denny to follow him off the path. "You a stranger to these parts?" he asked.

"Yes," said Denny.

"Then I'd better put you a step or two on your way."

"It's very good of you!"

"Not at all," smiled the man. "Do-as-you'd-be-done-by: that's me. Come along, friend."

"Do-as-you'd-be-done-by!" A jolly sound name, Denny thought as he followed his guide, till the man stopped, to point to some thatched roofs down in a dip. "There you are! Yon's the village you're after," he wheezed. "Go through it and you'll come to your castle all right."

"I say! Thanks very much," the Straggler burst out.

"No, no! A pleasure," the man replied with much heartiness.

This was all very nice; but when Denny had reached the thatched cottages and had passed the church he couldn't see any river. And how could you follow a river which wasn't there, or take a footpath that didn't appear to exist? So it looked as if he had lost his way for the second time, or else old Do-as-you'd-be-done-by didn't know it, either!

There was a villager leaning over her garden gate. Denny approached and asked for his way to the castle.

She wiped her hands on her apron. "Mister," said she, "if you turn right round and go back up the road for a mile or so you'll find an old stone stile that gives on a footpath by a spinney. Follow that and you'll soon see the castle."

"But I say! This is Gold Lane, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Nay! This is Clifton St Mary's. But step in and rest," she said kindly.

"No, thank you, I'm fine," he protested.

"Well, go back the way you've come and you can't miss that stile."

"I'm sure I can't," he agreed feelingly. Pretty thick, he thought, as he lifted his cap and went off, to be put right out of his way by a tomfool!

His next thought was: why fag to the ruins? It was baking hot. Let them wait.

Yes, but when he got home how they'd chip him! "Just like you," they'd laugh. "Couldn't even find your silly old way to a castle!" Oh, hang it all! He wasn't standing for that!

Like a Stone

At last. He had climbed the little circular track to the mound, and here he stood, at journey's end. Though there certainly wasn't much left of the place, he admitted. And look at that tree which had pushed itself up from the ground bang in the middle where the courtyard had been! Ruined walls with Nature at work in their midst; bushes and shrubs and thick weeds—what a come-down for the glories of Castle Weeping!

Picking his way to the ash tree, he was surprised to find a quantity of cut bracken and furze strewn around it. Dried bracken and withered gorse, that seemed funny to find there. But it was funnier still—in a different sense—when, as he was stepping over the stuff, it collapsed, and down he fell right through it just like a stone; yes, exactly like a stone dropped into a pit, he considered, as he landed unhurt on his feet.

But wherever was he? In pretty grim darkness at any rate, and surrounded by a horribly mouldy smell. He groped about and felt walls which were oozing with moisture. Some ancient abandoned well? No, too spacious for that. He must have fallen into one of the old castle's dungeons!

But why had the ground collapsed that way? This puzzled the prisoner, till his wits suggested that the roots of the ash tree must, as they expanded and strengthened, have been undermining it. That failed to explain, however, why someone or other had concealed the cavity with all that dry bracken.

He was cogitating on this when he caught at his breath, for two stealthy voices reached him from overhead.

"Here you are, Harry! Here's the spot where the ground's caved in after the rains. And here's what I strewed to hide it!"

The listener started. That wheezy voice sounded familiar.

"You didn't strew it thick enough, Slim," said the other voice. "You can see for yourself it's been slithering."

"Bah! That don't matter. The hole hasn't run away, Harry, and the stuff's down there all right for I see'd it myself. I'd have had it out then if I'd had a sack and a mate."

"Well, you took a mortal long time in fetching me, Slim."

"Your fault, not mine. But here we are. Let's get busy."

"Half a moment, man! You're sure no one's spotted you?"

"Don't worry," bade the wheezy voice with amusement. "I'd a

scare when I sights a laddie snooping around. But I took him part of his way, I did. Most obliging! Do-as-you'd-be-done-by; that's me, I told him."

"He'd thank you, I reckon!"

"You never saw laddie more grateful! He stepped out for Clifton St Mary's bright as a berry!"

"Good enough!" laughed the second man. "Right! We'll get on with it."

And good enough! echoed the Straggler, under his breath, withdrawing into the darkest and farthest corner. And now as he was crouching there, still as a mouse, he caught the rustle of preparations above, and next perceived a shaft of light from a pocket torch. It revealed something else; a knotted rope that came dangling. Whereupon a nimble figure descended the rope, to be followed by another after a moment.

Very interesting, indeed, reflected the Straggler, while he thanked his stars that the torch had not played on himself. Instead, straight as an arrow it sped to the opposite corner, where some rusted iron bands were disclosed on the floor. And among these, clearly visible in the bright ray, lay a tumble of objects blackened by age, whose shapes suggested flagons and ewers and platters.

More interesting, pondered the Straggler, watching unseen, while his visitors fell like hungry dogs on this collection and scooped it, clattering and clanking, into their sack.

In a flash his romantic mind was solving the problem. Those twisted iron bands had encircled a chest, some stout oaken chest which had long since crumbled to dust. But metal does not crumble. What if the chest perished; its precious contents of silver and gold had survived!

Keeping His Head

Do as he had been done by: that should be his motto. Yes, but first he had to get himself out of this. He hadn't a rope. But he had no sack either, to hamper him. There were stones in the wall which worked loose, and stones on the floor, a rather risky pyramid when assembled. But the light was enough, for his visitors in their hurry to get away had left the hole gaping.

Thus laboriously, and after a tumble or two, the Straggler crawled forth.

He might be given to losing his way, he confessed. But he never could remember losing his head. So what to do? He knew at once. Off to the rectory, where he found the rector amiably trimming his roses. Said he, as soon as the story had been related, "I've a nice little car, and of course I know where Slim lives. He's our ne'er-do-well, I'm afraid. Too often in trouble. We must do our best to keep him out of it this time." He fetched his car. "Hop in!" he commanded.

Slim Entertains Company

With the contents of their sack spread out on the floor, the happy couple were gloating over their spoil when they heard the hoot of a car at the bottom of the lane. "That," said Slim, "will be his Reverence on his sick-visiting." He chuckled wheezily. "Good thing I'm not sick, Harry!"

"You're right!" laughed Harry. "We don't want His Nibs's nose here. He'd reckon that we had no right to this stuff."

"What I says is finding is keeping," Slim rejoined cheerfully.

"Same here!" guffawed Harry. The car had come to a halt. In the twinkling of an eye they grabbed up the sack and its treasures and

hid all from sight. Slim was deep in a book about bees when the rector appeared, and Harry was yawning with his feet on the hob.

Slim put down his book.

"Glad to see you, sir," he affirmed. "Wonderful weather we're having after the rain, sir!"

"I've brought a friend," smiled the rector. "May he come in?"

"And welcome, if he'll take us, sir, as he finds us."

"Quite," said the rector. "I'm sure he'll be glad to do that. Oh, and by the way, Slim, when strangers ask the way to the castle, do you usually direct them to Clifton St Mary's?"

This caused Slim to gape at Harry and Harry at him. They were thus engaged when the Straggler stepped in.

"If you please," he began, "can you tell me the way to—?" but Slim threw the sponge up at once and turned to the rector. "Your Reverence," wheezed he, "it ain't no good to argue with you, for none as I know of ever bested you yet. But I'd like to ask if this shaver's been to the ruins?"

"The shaver, as you term my young friend," smiled the rector, "spent a highly entertaining time at the ruins, watching you and Harry swarming a rope. It was funnier than a picture palace, he tells me."

Slim jerked a thumb towards Harry. "Hand'em over," he groaned.

New Name For the Straggler

"I'm afraid," the rector told Denny on their way back, with the bulging sack on the floor of the car, "yes, I fear that this treasure trove belongs to the Crown. But cheer up! I'll take care that you get the reward."

"Thanks, sir. Oh, thanks!" beamed the Straggler. "But how did it come there? I mean, was it buried ages and ages ago?"

"Have you asked yourself how this village came by its name?"

The Straggler answered No, but it sounded a rum one.

"Well, I'm well enough up in our local lore to enlighten you. The last lord of Castle Weeping, Sir Philip de Meyrier, who had done some freebooting himself in his time, amassed a quantity of trophies of silver and gold. He fled when the castle was finally stormed and destroyed, but, fearful of falling into his enemies' hands, instead of taking his treasures with him he hid them away without revealing to anyone where they were, his purpose being to return and recover them when the border was quieter. But unfortunately he was killed by a fall from his horse shortly afterwards."

"And his secret died with him?"

"It did. Or so ran the legend, which gave its name to Gold Lane and lived for a very long time, as I've read, until at last everyone laughed at it."

The Straggler was thrilled through and through. "And now they'll believe it!"

The rector nodded his head. "I'm prepared to predict," he said, "that when the silversmiths restore those fine things they will find them identified by Sir Philip's markings."

It was later, after the rector had proved a true prophet, that Denny turned the tables upon his companions by rubbing in, while he showed them a slip of pink paper, how it paid a man to lose his way now and then! "For supposing I had gone straight to the ruins," crowed he, "then Slim would have collared the treasure another day, and I should not have snaffled this jolly bld cheque!"

"Don't make us jealous," they begged him.

"Moreover," he persisted, enjoying his triumph, "you'll be pleased to hear that I've given myself a new name. Yes, I've doled out twenty bob each to Harry and Slim, so I'm Mister Do-as-you'd-be-done-by; that's me!"

BEDTIME CORNER



SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze;
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

The Planter of Trees

AN old man used to spend much time in planting apple trees.

"Why do you take so much trouble," someone asked him, "when you cannot possibly live to eat the fruit?"

"Someone planted trees before I was born, and I have enjoyed the fruit," he said. "Now I am planting for others, that I may leave behind a monument of my gratitude."

But, oh, there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

PRAYER

O LORD, who knowest all our hearts, be very near to us this night and save us from all unkind thoughts. Fill our hearts with love and gentleness. Give us mercy and charity towards all, even towards our enemies; and grant to us strength to grow up to be strong pillars of Thy kingdom.

Amen.

YOUNG FRANCE UNDERSTANDS

THE children of France are playing their part, often with great bravery, in resistance to the Hun invader.

Almost every child has chalked V, or Vive l'Angleterre, or Vive de Gaulle, on the walls or pavement. Every child knows that General de Gaulle is the leader of the 60,000 Free Frenchmen who refuse to admit France's defeat and are continuing to fight on for freedom.

Little French boys passing German soldiers in the street say "Glou-glou" and run away; this is an imitation of a drowning man gasping for breath and means that the German will drown in the English Channel if he tries to invade England. Whenever French children see a train going towards the coast with German soldiers they imitate men swimming.

Every child makes the V sign with fingers, and little French girls tie their hair with the tri-colour ribbons of red, white, and blue.

The organisers of a charity in the north of France were surprised at the success of one boy who had collected much more money than any of his comrades, and it was learned that he had a picture postcard portrait of General de Gaulle which he had been showing for a small charge. The General is every French boy's hero, for he is the soldier who fought in the great tank battle at the beginning of the German attack on France. He charged into the thick of the fight in a small tank.

Frost-Level

We all talk of sea-level, but how many of us realise that there is also a frost-level?

Well, the gardener knows all about it.

Each field or garden has its own frost-level. Conditions of soil or situation make certain sites and levels liable to frost, but over the same position—it may be a foot or two higher up in the air—the effects of frost can be avoided.

Botanists now take the trouble, when they are planting valuable shrubs, to raise them on mounds high enough to keep the tops and more important parts clear of the frost-level.



The Weather Girl

Girls are to replace many men now engaged in weather forecasting for the R.A.F. Here an Australian member of the W.A.A.F. is learning to use a theodolite.

The Spider and the Tin Tack

DEAR EDITOR, I am only 77 years old, and am an interested and very often instructed reader. Here are some facts about another spider.

Your item in this week's issue records a clever spider with a large estate and an estate with an eleven-foot span. On entering my greenhouse one morning about three weeks ago I saw a tin tack which for a long time had lain on a tray among the flower pots. It was rusty. It was gently swaying in the air without any visible means of support. It had been raised about two inches from the tray.

I had to look very closely before I could see an exceedingly fine strand which supported it, and about four feet above was the remarkable creature which had raised this tin tack from the tray.

I called in two friends to see the wonderful sight. The strand which held the tack was fastened round near the head, the point inclined downwards. It remained suspended all the day, but unfortunately the closing of a ventilator in the roof caused the slender support to break.

J. T. MILLS,
12 Wellington Road, Newark.

The Moon Has Nothing to Do With Your Garden

OUR town children now in the country have a chance to see a sight they can have seldom seen before, the sowing of the year's first wheat. To the countryman it is almost a hallowed festival, accompanied by proper ceremony, and sometimes with particular reference to the phases of the moon.

The moon, so much oftener seen in country than in town, plays an important part in rural beliefs about its effect on weather and on crops, but some of the traditions about its influence on the times for sowing vegetables have received a rude shock from the John Innes Horticultural Institute, of which Sir Daniel Hall was lately the director. Two of his assistants (K. Mather and F. J. Newell) have just published the results of their sowings of vegetables at or before or

after full moon. They found, by sowing the same vegetables at other times than those ordered by tradition, that the moon made not a scrap of difference. It was the rain and the warmth that influenced the growth, and nothing else.

A THING WELL DONE

One of the sanest things in our social life in war is the rapidity with which by far the greater part of our children have been got back to school.

Of the millions of scholars on the rolls only 28,000 were getting no schooling on July 12 this year. Even when allowance is made for the fact that 52,000 more are getting only part-time education the record remains excellent.

Hitler's Friends

WE are almost all by this time doing something for our country, but there are still too many people doing something for Hitler. Whoever hinders the war effort, or fails to help it, is a friend of Hitler, and here are some of the offenders, the foolish or selfish (or both) who

Hoard food
Ignore appeals for salvage
Talk carelessly
Leave their gas-masks at home
Eat and drink too much
Rave at Government efforts
Spend unnecessarily

Find fault with everything
Refuse to lend their money
Idle their time away
Evade their duties
Neglect the Blackout
Drive recklessly
Spread rumour and discontent

Hitler's Friends! Yes, all of them (though mostly perhaps not realising it), helping him by being a drag on their country.

And there are others—we all know them—those who waste bread, and paper, or anything; leave taps running and lights on; have fires burning too soon, too often, and too long; avoid National Service; never dig for Victory; get more than their ration of food, clothing, and petrol; keep children in danger areas; obstruct those on duty; think they always know better than the man doing the job; use the telephone needlessly; travel unnecessarily; neglect fire precautions; waste Post Office time by putting stamps on carelessly and not tying parcels properly; advocate Peace at any Price; talk endlessly of their war difficulties.

There are others, of course, such as the knowing ones who say the Nazis are not as black as they are painted, and the profiteers, double-dyed villains who are everybody's enemies but will be anybody's friends—even Hitler's—if it benefits their pockets. There are the people who loaf in the lounges of hotels and boarding houses, playing bridge while their country is in peril, and doing nothing to help.

But the list is long and forbidding enough, a catalogue of offenders who in great or lesser degree are retarding the nation's war effort and so are helping the enemy. It behoves us all in these dark days to look to our consciences for guidance. *Conscience needs no propaganda. Every one of us knows if he is helping or hindering.*

A Gallant Scot

An old Scot working at Chat-ham with a weekly wage of £3 10s had applied to his employers to have it reduced by 10s as he considered himself overpaid. The request has been granted.

WHAT IS DONE WITH OUR WASTE

A teacher who was greatly impressed with Liverpool's Salvage Exhibition sends us these notes upon it.

ONE section of the exhibition was devoted to articles produced from waste-paper and cardboard. These included shell, bomb, and mine containers, packing-cases for shells and fuses; cartons for food, medical supplies, household requisites, soap, and cigarettes; books, newspapers, maps, stationery, and paper bags; cable drums and suitcases.

Broken glass took on a fresh lease of useful life in the form of new bottles and jars.

Rags appeared again as army blankets, battle dress, machine-gun belts, roofing felt, camouflage netting, sacks, sandbags, linoleum, rope, and string.

Gramophone records produce plastics with their thousand-and-one uses.

Scrap metal renewed its youth in such varied forms as aeroplane engines, gun turrets, A-A shells and shell cases, depth charges, rifles, Bren guns, Mills bombs, steel helmets, tins and drums for food, cutlery, horse-

shoes, chains, metal rope and wire, bolts, nuts, and rivets.

Bones, when "de-greased," supply glue for use in the construction of aeroplanes, ships, shell-cases, and for fire-resisting and camouflage paints.

Refined bone-grease is used in the manufacture of soap, candles, glycerine, and explosives.

"De-glued" bones are used in making china, also as an ingredient in cattle food and as fertilisers, so helping in the production of food.

A huge poster in the exhibition urged the salvage of kitchen scraps "to save your bacon" in a literal sense, for an average of 24 houses can supply sufficient waste to feed one pig. The goal aimed at is for each street to have its own pig on the Corporation farm.

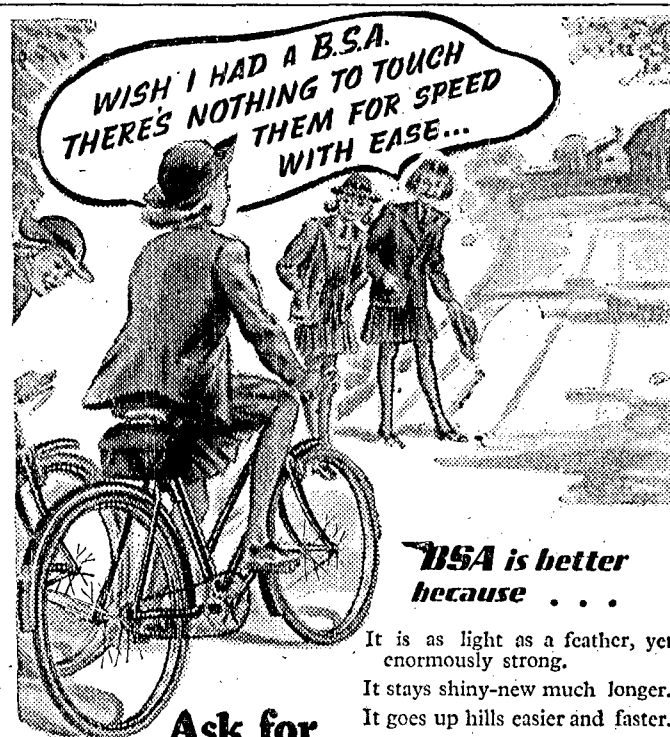
The number and variety of uses to which "unconsidered trifles" can be put has been a revelation to those who visited this truly wonderful exhibition, which will undoubtedly spur Liverpool folk on to redouble their efforts in making a huge success of the campaign against Waste.

Why Do the Stars Shoot?

FIRE Guards, Home Guards, Policemen, and the army of A R P have a finer opportunity than those sheltering behind the Blackout curtains to see the November fireworks of the skies, the Leonid shooting stars.

At Harvard University, where more than a thousand photographs have been taken of them, Mr F. L. Whipple has found 28 which are shown to have burst in the air. The trails show that one of the shooting stars divided at 45 miles high and two others

at 35. Three of these blazing bits of material flew apart more than once as they plunged towards the earth, evidently breaking into more and more fragments but still glowing brightly on the separate trails they left to mark their journey. Mr Whipple does not think they burst apart like shells, from internal explosions, but, having been heated externally by the friction of the atmosphere, they break because of atmospheric pressure applied unequally to their uneven surfaces.



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